[Vol. 1] THE [No. 20.]

WEEKLY VISITANT.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 17, 1806.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

"The galled jade winces."

All proverbial sayings, are founded on a close observation of mankind, and are therefore the more true and the more to be depended on. All nations have their proverbs, and from them we may form a pretty good estimate of the wit and other qualities in the national character. The English proverbs rank, perhaps, next to those of Spain in number, truth and pungency. They are satires on mankind, and the more true and severe as they are drawn from a knowledge of human nature.

The proverb forming my text is one of the latter kind, and is taken from a favorite animal, and applied to mankind generally, in cases where, from some cause or other, the mind of the person referred to, is oppressed by some calamity, injury, or guilt, and is irritated by remarks bearing on the uneasy part. As when a man has suffered some recent misfortune, which is recalled to his mind by observations on that subject, and betrays great uneasiness, he may be said to wince; and where a man has been guilty of some crime, and is accused of it, if he is confused and stammers, the proverb may justly be applied to him.

"The galled jade winces," not only at any thing which comes in contact with the raw part, but at any thing which approaches near it; and from restiveness frequently receives a real injury which it would have escaped had she remained quiet. Observe a horse from whose back the skin is rubbed, how he will twitch and jerk on putting a saddle near his back; how often does he by this means strike the sore part against the object of his fear, and so really hurt himself. It is the same with a guilty man. On hearing any reprehensions of any faults which he is guilty of, how immediately does he betray his guilt by his countenance, gesture, and language, and so make others follow his example in applying the observations to himself, which were meant to be general, and without any reference to him, or any particular person. It is in this manner guilt and malice bring their own punishment, by discovering themselves, and exciting the contempt of society. Like the famous critic, Mr John Dennis, "who finding on Mr. Lintot's counter a book called an

'Essay on Criticism,' just then published, he read a page or two with much frowning, till coming to these two lines—

> "Some have at first for wits, then poets past,
> "Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last,"

he flung down the book in a terrible fury, and cried out, *by God, he means me.*"* Here the galled jade winced indeed, though it is probable Mr. Pope had no idea of him when he wrote his Essay. If the account was merely a fiction of Swift's, it is certain, and every day's observation evinces, that people do apply such observations to themselves when they are conscious of deserving them. Indeed no man will take general remarks to himself, unless they suit him, and we feel pretty well assured, that the man is not innocent who trembles and blushes when guilt is mentioned.

How foolish is this. Were it not for wincing, how easily could a secret assailant and defamer escape cognition, and, of course, being punished by contempt. But if he, on hearing defamation ill spoken of, immediately applies the remark to himself, and attempts his own vindication, he is immediately known, and experiences the ill effects of his imprudence. He is wanting in those comfortable commodities, brass and prudence, which can only be acquired by long practice in scandal, defamation and hypocricy. Though young men may have all the bad propensities, and be wanting in every virtue; still it is next to impossible they should have all the impudence and cunning necessary to escape detection. I know very well, that these characters abound, as if by instinct, in low cunning and hypocrisy, but if they escape being exposed to public view, they cannot have the callousness necessary to make them invulnerable to reprehension. By lashing the bad propensities of human nature, you probe their bosoms, and conscience scourges them for their crimes.

I know of no crime greater than that of *attempting* to injure the peaceable and inoffensive; and yet this crime is frequently committed. But those who do it, always complain most bitterly if any retort is made upon them. They "wince" and imagine themselves the injured party. Not reflecting that self preservation is the first law of nature, or rather arrogating to themselves a right of mangling and torturing every one against whom they have conceived an enmity.

"Dastardly men," says Swift, "are like sorry horses, who have just spirit and mettle enough to be mischevious." These characters are the most apt to wince, when any thing approaches them. Their fear confuses them, and sometimes makes them fall "out of the frying pan into the fire." Like the coward who was so afraid of fighting that when a press-gang came to take him on board a ship of war, he defended himself so desperately that he was cut to pieces with their hangers.

There is another class of people who possess the most excessive sensibility as it respects every thing that affects themselves, though with regard to others one would imagine they were made of wood or stone, since they are never observed to be in the least affected

* See Dr. Norris's Narrative of the frenzy of J. Dennis.

at the greatest misfortunes, which do not approach themselves. These are likewise peculiarly apt to wince. Perhaps indeed these classes are in fact but one, since cowardice results from a peculiar sensibility of every thing threatening the person. Some cowards however are very good and very amiable, but he, whose attention is entirely engrossed by his own person, can be neither very good nor very amiable.

Nature has been very kind and bountiful, in furnishing an antidote to every poison, and something which warns us of approaching danger. The rattle-snake guards us against himself by his rattle; and the conscience of the bad man betrays his guilt, enables us to counteract his machinations, and puts us on our guard against his future attempts.

BARCA.

SELECTED.

BEAUTY.

ELFRIDA, daughter to the earl of Devonshire, was a woman of such exquisite beauty, that its fame extended even to young Edgar's court. Being a strong admirer of female beauty, and having at that time no prior attachment, he resolved to declare himself her suitor, if she really possessed those transcendant charms which rumor had ascribed to her. Not chusing to publish his intention until he was convinced it would not be likely to produce repentance, he made a confidant of the earl of Ethelwold, desiring him to make a pretence for visiting Elfrida's father, and if he found the young lady as was reported, declare the honor that was intended her. Anxious to promote his royal master's wishes, Ethelwold immediately began his journey, and soon arrived at the earl of Devonshire's; but the moment he beheld the fair Elfrida, his fidelity became the sacrifice of affection, and instead of promoting his master's passion, he declared his own. Ethelwold was the known favourite of his sovereign, and such a man was not likely to meet with a refusal from the Earl of Devonshire, who not only consented to the union, but agreed that the marriage should remain private, until the Earl could formally obtain the Kings consent. On his return to court, he informed Edgar, that it must have been the high birth and immense fortune of the Earl of Devonshire's daughter that occasioned the tongue of fame to be so loud in the praise of her charms, as they were far inferior to what he had expected, and by no means sufficient to attract the King's affection. Edgar, satisfied with his favourite's account, entirely relinquished his design, and new pursuits obliterated the fair Elfrida from his imagination. Some months had elapsed, when Ethelwold informed his sovereign, that, though the Earl of Devonshire's daughter, was not possessed of sufficient charms to render her a desirable match for a King, yet her immense fortune was sufficiently attractive to make her an object of desire to one of his subjects, and therefore requested his approbation to the alliance. Edgar instanly consented; and Ethelwold publicly received the hand which had before been bestowed upon him in private. A thousand pretences were formed for detaining the lovely bride in the country; for though Ethelwold had been blinded by the excess of passion before his marriage, he soon afterwards began to dread the effects of his sovereign's displeasure. To become the favourite of a monarch, is a certain method to obtain the disregard of his courtiers, and Ethelwold felt the truth of the observation; for those, who envied the favour he possessed, were anxious to establish their own upon his ruin.

Edgar was apprised of his favourite's conduct, exasperated at the idea of having been deprived the possession of so lovely an object, instantly resolved to have vengeance for the perfidy. Disguising his resentment, and smothering his rage, he one morning told Ethelwold that he purposed going to the

castle, and paying his compliments to the bride, desiring him, at the same time, to prepare for their immediate departure. The affrighted earl, terrified at the apprehension of the King's displeasure, yet incapable of forming any plan by which he could avoid it, requested permission to precede his royal guest, and make preperations for the honoured visit. A few short hours was all the time that Edgar would allow, and these the earl employed in pleading the strength of his attachment to his wife, and urging her to veil (as much as possible) those charms that had robbed him of his fidelity. Though Elfrida's beauty was trandscendant, her virtue was certainly obscured by vanity; for the idea of becoming mistress of a throne, and obtaining an ascendency over the youthful monarch's heart, induced her to forsake her duty, and become regardless of her husband's safety! Instead of endeavouring to obscure her charms, she studied the most likely method of making them alluring, and succeeded so effectually in her design, that the heart of Edgar was instanly inslaved! Burning with rage, and glowing with resentment, he invited the unsuspicious Elthelwold to hunt with him in a wood adjoining his castle, and there with a dagger avenged the injuries he had sustained. Elfrida was easily persuaded to accept the hand of her husband's murderer; and, when seated on a throne, totally forgot the inhuman means by which she had ascended it.

From an English Publication.

NEGLECTED MERIT.

Riches, not merit, is the criterion by which, though falsely, we estimate worth. The shoeless mendicant who craves your bounty, had he been rich, might have proved the companion of your pleasure. Whence then, arises a depravation of judgment so inimical to the interests of humanity, but from the vitiated state of society: Were mankind from their youth taught to prefer intrinsic virtue to exterior pretensions, the contemplation of merit in the garb of poverty would not so often obtrude itself upon our minds.

Adversity, too often the attendant of modest worth, pursues with relentless assiduity the hapless victim of its influence. Stretched on a bed of straw, lies the possessor of virtues which might embellish a diadem; while ignorance and impudence ostentatiously display the palm due only to the exertions of mental excellence.

Can the contemplative mind behold with patience the rewards assigned to the servile supporter of a party, while independent patriotism is suffered to expire in distress? Yet, how often have the annals of the world been sullied with such dark recordances! Would not the honest soul of an unenlightened Indian burn with indignation, if informed that an Otway and a Chatterton, two of the noblest ornaments of humanity, though, like Tantalus, surrounded with the ostentatious display of luxurious plenty, breathed forth their spirits in regions of want, while wretches whose only virtue was servility, whose only talent hypocrisy, attained the highest summit of favour and distinction? It has been asserted that the ambition of an Englishman is more amply gratified by an honorary medal, or a sepulchral monument, than by pecuniary presentations. This, in some measure, may be true; but does it qualify the stigma resting upon the opulent, who neglect to reward the exertions of existing merit:

Poor indeed is that recompence which the object enjoys not. Fancy may picture scenes of future fame, but future fame cannot allay the cravings of want, nor the dreams of hope substantiate ideal comforts.

> *"Can storied urn, or animated bust*
> *Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?"*

Can all the honors heaped upon the memory of deceased virtue, atone for one hour of mental anguish, for one hour of bodily pain? Surely not.—Let us then, instead of expending vast sums in the erection of monumental remembrances, apply them to the relief of existing indigence. The memory of virtue will ever find a temple in the mind of the virtuous, and, without the aid of the sculptor, exist to the latest moment of futurity.

AN ELEGY.

BY JOHN TRUMBULL, ESQ.

Hence, gaudy flatt'ry, with thy syren song,
Thy fading laurels, and thy trump of praise,
Thy magic glass, that cheats the wond'ring throng,
And bids vain men grow vainer, while they gaze.

For what the gain, though nature have supplied
A tender soul to feel the sting of pain?
That fame how poor, that lifts our baseless pride,
And shews the heights our steps must ne'er attain!

How vain those thoughts, that through creation rove,
Returning fraught with images of woe!
Those gifts how vain, that please not those we love!
With grief oppress'd how small the gain to know!

And oh, that fate, in life's sequester'd shade,
Had fix'd the limits of my silent way,
Far from the scenes in noisy pomp array'd,
Where hope and fame but flatter to betray.

The lark had call'd me at the birth of dawn,
My chearfull toils and rural sports to share;
Nor, when mild evening glimmer'd on the lawn,
Had sleep been frighted by the voice of care.

So the soft flocks in harmless pleasure stray,
Or sport in rapture on the flow'ry mead,
Enjoy the beauties of the vernal day,
And no sad prescience tells them they must bleed.

Then wild ambition ne'er had swell'd my heart,
Nor had my steps pursued the road to fame;
Then ne'er had slander raised th' envenom'd dart,
Nor hung in vengeance o'er my hated name:

Nor views of bliss, that never must be mine,
Urg'd the fond tear, or swell'd the bursting sigh;
Nor tend'rest pangs had bid my soul repine,
Nor torture warn'd me, that my hopes must die.

Farewell, ye glitt'ring phantoms of the mind,
The golden vision, or ambitious dream,
The fickle forms by fairy fancy join'd,
The pride of laurels and the muse's theme.

Vain hope adieu! thou dear deluding cheat,
Whose magic charm can burst the bonds of pain!
By thee decoy'd we clasp the gay deceit,
And plan the scenes of future joys in vain.

Come sadness! come, mild sister of despair,
The helpless suff'rer's last support and friend,
Lead to those scenes that soothe the wretch's care,
Where life's false joy, and life itself, must end!

Well pleas'd I wander o'er the solemn ground,
Where death in horror holds his dread domain,
While night sits gloomy in th' etherial round,
And swimming vapours cloud the dreary plain.

Ye ghosts, the tenants of the evening skies,
That sweep in sadness o'er the dusky vale,
Enorb'd in mists, I see your forms arise;
I hear your voices sounding in the gale!

Of life ye speak, and life's fantastic toys,
How vain the wish that grasps at things below!
How disappointment lours on all our joys,
And hope bequeaths the legacy of woe!

Ye too, perhaps while youth supplied its beam,
On fancy's pinions soaring to the sky,
Fed your deluded thoughts with many a dream,
Of love and fame, and future scenes of joy.

Like your's how soon our empty years shall fade,
Past, like the vapours, that in clouds decay,
Past, like the forms, that flit along the shade,
Ourselves as worthless and as vain as they!

Here the kind haven greets our weary sail,
When the rude voyage of troubled life is o'er,
Safe from the stormy blast, the faithless gale,
The gulphs that threaten, and the waves that roar.

The heart no more the pains of love shall share,
Nor tort'ring grief the wayward mind enslave,
Thro' toil worn years fatigu'd with restless care,
Peace, sought in vain, awaits us in the grave.

Nor peace alone! death breaks the sullen gloom,
That dims the portals of eternal day,
Bids the freed soul her nobler pow'rs assume,
And wing from woes her heaven directed way.

Fly hence, ye shades! ye brighter scenes, arise!
Ye joys celestial, opening on my view!
Vanish, ye griefs that dwell beneath the skies,
Ye streaming tears, ye fond complaints, adieu!

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PASTORAL POETRY.

FROM GESSNER'S "NEW IDYLS."

THE ZEPHYRS.

First Zephyr.—Why dost thou thus idly flutter among these rose-trees? Come, let us fly together to the centre of yonder valley. Those shades conceal the nymphs who bathe in the transparent waters of the lake.

Second Zephyr.—I shall not follow thee. Go, frisk about the nymphs; a more delightful task detains me here. I shall imbrue my wings in the dew that bathes these flowers, and gather their delicious perfumes.

First Zephyr.—Is that a more delightful task than to mingle with the sportive nymphs, who gaiety for ever breathe?

Second Zephyr.—A tender virgin, beauteous as the youngest of the GRACES, will presently pass by this place. With each returning dawn, bearing on her arm a well-stored basket, she repairs to the cottage on the summit of yon hill. Dost thou not see it? 'Tis that whose mossy roof reflects the first rays of the morning. Thither MELINDA bears relief to indigence. A woman virtuous, but infirm and poor, dwells in that humble cot. Two infants, in the opening flower of innocence, wou'd weep of hunger by the bed of their unfortunate mother, were not MELINDA their guardian angel. Transported with having administered consolation to distress, she will soon return, her lovely cheeks glowing with heartfelt joy, and her brilliant eyes still bathed with the tears of pity. I wait for her return in this thicket of roses. As soon as she appears, I fly to meet her; and my wings, spread round her the

most sweet perfumes, will cool her burning cheeks ; while I kiss the tears just starting from her eyes. This is my delightful task.

First Zephyr.—You transport me. How sweet is your employ ! I will, like thee, imbrue my wings in the dew that bathes these flowers ; like thee I will gather their perfumes ; and, like thee, at the return of MELINDA, I will fly to meet her. But see, from yonder grove she comes, all beauteous as the morning of a glorious day. Virtue smiles upon her rosy lips. Her deportment is that of the GRACES. Come, let us spread our wings ; never have I fanned more vermillion cheeks, nor a visage more enchanting.

THE CARNATION.

As DORIS was walking in the garden, she perceived near a hedge of yoke elms a carnation just blown, and variegated with the most brilliant colours. She approach'd it, and, with a smiling air, her lovely face reclin'd over the flower. While she inhaled its sweet perfumes, the carnation seemed to kiss her lips. At that sight, I felt my cheeks inflamed; and said—Why cannot I—ah ! why cannot I so touch your vermillion lips !—DORIS retired. I approached the carnation.—Shall I pluck thee !—shall I pluck thee, thou fair flower, that has touched her lips ! Thy perfumes are more grateful to me than is the dew of heaven to the flowers of the field, I stretched my hand out eagar to gather it, when, on a sudden, to myself I said—What ! shall I lay waste the flower that she has chiresh'd ? No, DORIS shall place thee in her bosom, to meet her breath more fragrant : and thy delicious odours shall rise as the sacred incense mounts to OLYMPUS, when we offer our vows to the goddess of beauty.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

Some years ago, as a gentleman was travelling from Strasburg, in company with a merchant of that city, attended by one servant, and a favorite dog, the merchant became suddenly indisposed, and giving his horse to the care of his servant, retired among some trees, which grew on one side of the road ; upon his endeavouring to remount, the dog seized his coat, and held him with all its strenght, growling and barking in a very uncommon manner. Unable to form any idea of the cause, the parties were all a little apprehensive of the animal's being mad. The master lashed him severely, and at length getting from his hold, attempted to pursue his route ; but the dog not only continued his barkings, but bit at the horse's nose and feet, insomuch that the merchant, who was a man of strong passions, drew a pistol and wounded him mortally. Upon receiving the wound the dog fell, but in a few moments recovered himself, and casting a most piteous look at his enraged master, turned back, and crawled towards the city. The travellers pursued their journey for about three miles, when they stoped at an inn for refreshment. In attempting to discharge the bill, the merchant now found that he had forgot, among the trees, a leather belt, made in the manner of a shot belt, in which, according to the custom of travellers in Germany, he carried his money : recollecting, however, the privacy of the place, and that no other persons had passed the road, he was not in the least uneasy at the event, and proposed riding back with his servant to recover his property. His fellow-traveller, however, not only offered, but insisted on returning with him. Upon their arrival at the fatal spot, there lay the belt, and on it the sagacious victim of fidelity breathing its last breath in convulsions. A spectacle so extremely melancholy, sensibly affected the whole party ; but how was the distress increased, when the merchant, seized by a sudden and voilent phrenzy flew to his second pistol, and endeavoured to lodge the contents in his own body, and his companion and servant were obliged to use the utmost force to prevent him from self-destruction. Having, however, secured him so as to prevent the immediate fatal effects of insanity, they returned to Strasburg ; where, notwithstanding every medical effort, the unfortunate merchant in a few days died raving mad !

AN APPARITION.

The late Dr. Fowler, bishop of Gloucester, and Justice Powell, had frequently altercations on the subject of ghosts. The bishop was a zealous defender of their reality—the justice somewhat sceptical. The bishop one day met his friend, and the justice told him that since their last conference on the subject, he had an occular demonstration which convinced him of the existence of ghosts. "I rejoice at your conversion," replied the bishop, "give me the circumstance that produced it, with all the particulars: OCCULAR demonstration, you say." "Yes my Lord—as I lay last night in my bed, about the twelfth hour I was awakened by an uncommon noise, and heard something coming up stairs" !—"Go on"—"Alarmed at the noise. I drew my curtain !" "Proceed !" "and saw a faint glimmering light enter my chamber :"—"Of a blue color was it not ?"—"Of a pale blue !—the light was followed by a tall meagre stern figure, who appeared as an old man of seventy years of age, arrayed in a long light colored rug gown, bound round with a leathern girdle : his beard thick and grisly, his hair scant and straight, his face of a dark sable hue—on his head a large fur cap—and in his hand a long staff. Terror seized my whole frame—I trembled till the bed almost shook, and cold drops hung on every limb—the figure with a slow and solemn step, walked nearer and nearer."—"Did you not speak to it ? there was money hid, or murder committed, without doubt."—"My Lord, I did speak to it—I adjured it by all that was holy to tell me whence, and why it thus appeared ?" "and in Heaven's name what was the reply !"—"It was accompanied, my Lord, by three strokes of his staff upon the floor—so loud that they made the room ring again—when holding up his lanthorn, and then waving it close to my eyes, he told me he was the watchman ! and came to give me notice that my street door was wide open, and unless I arose and shut it, I might chance to be robbed before morning."

Dr. Rees' Cyclopedia.—The first half Volume of this valuable Work is just published by Mr. Samuel F. Bradford, of Philadelphia, and we are happy to perceive that it is, on the whole, much superior to the London edition. The plates are admirably engraved, and the typographical part is executed with great care and neatness. The second half Volume is now in the Press; and will receive additional beauty from the use of a brilliant unchangeable Ink, lately brought to perfection by Mr. Watts. [*Port Folio.*

MARRIED,

In this town, Mr. Robert Holman, to Miss Rachel Skidmore. Mr. Samuel Hall, to Miss Sally Smothers. Mr. Tunis Tunison, to Miss Lydia Pope. Mr. Francis Hector, to Miss Lucretia Dickenson. Mr. Joseph E. Hussey, to Miss Hannah M'Intire.

At Beverly, Mr. Michael Kennard, of Boston, to Miss Nancy Lovett.

DIED,

At Chilmark, (Martha's Vineyard) Rev. Zechariah Mayhew, aged 88—his great-grand-father, grand-father, father, and himself, were missionaries to the aboriginals of that Island in succession.

At Andover, Mr. Jacob Foster, aged 88. Widow Anna Jenkins, aged 62.

At Danvers, Mr. Gilbert Tapley, aged 85—the posterity of this aged gentleman, now living, are 72.

At Beverly, Mrs. Ruth Woodbury, wife of Mr. Peter W. aged 36.

In this town, Widow Mercy Collins, aged 39.

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